



Metaphysical Interactions



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Chapter 1 by Brandon Olivas

Much of the dream has been forgotten. Though each event that took place was scribbled down in my journal.., it's all just a blur. Before last night, dreams were just something that existed. Developments of the imagination, trials to prepare the mind for the harsher realities of life. Every bit of knowledge on Lucid Dreaming and Astral Travel, every technique of control I learned, every bit of confidence in my control... shattered in what seemed like 30 seconds. Years later, the scenario sits in my mind as clear as the rising sun. Years later, and this "imagination" shakes me to the core.

I relay this experience, in hopes that you, the reader, can fill in all the missing information. The only power i hold anymore is with my fingertips, in writing this piece of knowledge. I fear my soul will soon be lost. My only hope now is to record this history. Maybe it will help another living being in time. The next page shall include all that I currently remember of this dream. There are many gaps in the text, I tell you know that it is more of a summary than anything. Still, even the summary still haunts me, and leaves me with the feeling that this unresolved conflict must soon be dealt with.

Dream Log: I sit upon my bed, talking to other people within the room. I remember it was definitely my room, though the windows were in the wrong walls."I've got to get out of here to get -----. I'll be back shortly" Then there was only me. Next, my attention was drawn to my door. I've not a clue why, but everything in my being told me there was something knocking. I didn't hear any knocks...

As soon as I swung the door open wide, my soul was drawn by feelings of dread. The hallway from my room was void of all light. I was alone, being devoured.

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Before I could blink, A force from the hall embedded my body into the wall opposite the door.
"What the fuck" was all I thought before terror consumed my being
"Fuck it!"

I've experienced death in my dreams before this, and it was the more preferable choice to this terror that engulfed even my soul.

I kicked from the wall, imaginations brought to life, and flew like superman down the hallway, fist extended. I failed to notice before, but there was a figure, about 5ft tall, pitch black, and only white light where each eye should have been.

I missed the punch, gliding over this... thing... no features visible, only a dark void in the shape of a humanoid.

Doing a quick roll through the air, i flipped and kicked off the railing and the end of the hall back toward my target. Caught off guard, and inches away I threw a right hook from hell.

The hit never connected. I froze., midair, as did everything else. My eyes connected with this being, for a split second, definitely not human.

I awoke with a jolt. Gasping, and sweating, I unconsciously murmured with clenched teeth, filled with anger. "The fucker got away!"

-End Dream Log

To this day, i've not seen the creature again, but still.. I can't shake the feeling that I fought a demon that night.

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